

The Evening World.

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THE HARD COAL CONSPIRACY.

The story of the swindle in hard coal prices since the beginning of the strike—now told in full for the first time in this issue of The Evening World—will be read with amazement and indignation by the victims of the conspiracy of the Coal Trust barons. It is not pleasant reading, but it is the plain, bare truth, and it disposes effectively of the rubbish and nonsense that has been published about the losses of the coal roads and the injury to innocent stockholders by the strike. It shows that instead of losing these roads have made money out of every day that the strike has lasted, that they propose to continue making their added profits by cutting off the coal supply until Sept. 1, when the new schedule goes into effect, and after that they will have both the public and the miners—as they have them now—just where they want them.

It is a story of conspiracy, fraud and swindle which ought to be punishable by law. It supports the contention of The Evening World yesterday that it is not the miners who are striking, but the operators. They are striking the public and striking hard.

Devery and Carroll.—They seem to think that Devery is a catpaw for Carroll in the Ninth District. It is rather a large, plump, robust paw that may do a little work on the side for itself.

THE WALES OF JIN.

Are we to say in the case of Putnam Bradlee Strong, late captain of the United States Army, that evil communications have corrupted good manners? How otherwise is his sudden and complete moral collapse to be accounted for? Given a young man possessing an honorable name by inheritance and a promising one of his own making, a favorite in society and an officer in a military service punctilious in its code of honor, it is a shocking transformation that shows us this youth a year later morally bankrupt—a fugitive from justice and from the wrath of a woman scorned. Intimate association with a companion of loose life can do much to lower a man's moral tone, but it rarely wrecks him, certainly not in so brief a time so completely as Strong has been wrecked. To a man of his rearing and earlier ideals it must be worse than death to be charged with theft by the female companion of his amours.

But let us not cast all the stones at the woman. Strong's quick degeneracy and decline must have been expedited by a serious moral weakness of his own. The impulse that led him without hesitation to abandon a creditable army career for the open companionship of a runaway wife showed that the deterioration was there within if not previously manifested outwardly. The revelation of the plundered safe-deposit box is only the natural sequel of the downward step taken then.

Counting Chickens.—The Chancellor of the British Exchequer is said to be counting on a handsome addition to the income of the Empire from the death duties on the Mackay estate. But Mr. Mackay was a prudent and thoughtful man, and it is said that while living he made such disposal of his property that he is now probably laughing over the joke he has got on the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

LOOKING AHEAD.

July 21, 1902, should be a memorable day in the history of New York. It is made so by the opening of the bids for the East River tunnel and especially by the unexpected and surprising proposition of the subway contractors to add the Broadway extension connecting directly with the proposed Pennsylvania tunnel and station, the plans for which are now being held up by the Railroad Committee of the Board of Aldermen.

The presenting of this proposition is a notable event for the reason that it makes some provision for the future needs of New York. For it is remarkable and not at all creditable that in this great and enterprising city the facilities of transportation have invariably lagged far behind the demand for them. From time immemorial New Yorkers who had to get from one part of the town to another have packed more closely than cattle in a cattle car. To-day the crowding of the surface and elevated cars during the rush hours and the bridge crush are disgraceful and inhuman.

With the new tunnel extension of the rapid transit system completed in two years, with the lower Broadway tunnel to relieve the traffic south of Forty-second street, with the Pennsylvania tunnels to Long Island and New Jersey and the completion of the Williamsburg bridge traffic will be measurably relieved, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the relief will be permanent. The stronger probability is that by the time the new improvements are completed they will immediately be taxed to their full capacity to meet the requirements of the traffic that will be found waiting for them.

Only a Regular.—Five regiments of Spanish war volunteers, who escaped with no killed or wounded, have filed pension claims to the number of 2,997. Five regiments of regulars, who lost 93 men and had 471 wounded, have filed claims for 764 pensions. The "only a regular" idea seems to hold good in time of peace as well as in war.

"HE WAS GOOD TO THE POOR."

Some of the young people who go jauntily from the west side into the east to reform the conditions there and regenerate the sufferers from those conditions should have been present at the funeral of "Pat" Smith yesterday. The Church of St. Catherine of Siena was crowded with mourners and the long string of carriages was such as has rarely been seen at a funeral there. Who was "Pat" Smith? "Pat" was a saloon-keeper, and the popular epithet, not yet carved on his tomb, says that "he was good to the poor." He never sent a beggar away from his saloon unfed and he never "turned down" a friend.

These are rude and rather fundamental virtues, but they count for a good deal on the east side. Even the superficial investigator finds that they go far to explain the hold of Tammany leaders there, such as Smith was, on their vast and varied constituencies. Smith's charity bureau never asked questions or called for credentials. Smith never flashed a roll or showered dimes in the street, in Devery's theatrical manner, but he offered substantial relief at all times. That was only one of the reasons, but the chief, why they called him great and turned out to his funeral and will remember him.

A Shipwreck of Romance.—The schooner Herman has set sail from San Francisco to the South Seas to search for a buried treasure of \$1,000,000, the whereabouts of which is known only to the adventurers. They ought to get it, if only to vindicate the truth of Stevenson's unequalled story of Treasure Island.

Success in Heraldry.—In the light of recent developments, the device of the Hope family, "The world is mine, but Hope is not," has a slightly sarcastic sound.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

WITH ANOTHER GIRL.
Though Time, in truth, will heal all wounds,
And few can do it faster,
In case your wound is of the heart,
You ought to use court plaster.

NATURALLY.
"I've written a poem on the death of my pet dog."
"In doggerel, I suppose."

A SOFT ANSWER.
"I wonder where the money is coming from for that new dress of yours."
"From the mint, I hope. I'd be sorry to think you were a counterfeit."

FLOATING POPULATION.
"States Islanders spend a lot of time on the ferry."
"Yes, they might be called our floating population."

A HOME PRODUCT.
"I hear New York has mosquitoes this summer."
"How nice. Now we'll have no farther need of going to the country."

BORROWED JOKES.

WHAT SHE MIST.
Captain—We ran into a dense fog last night.
Miss Tooriste—How strange! Why the shock never woke me up!—Ohio State Journal.

THE EXCEPTION.
"Two heads are always better than one."
"I don't agree with you. One is a little more than I want the morning after."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

AN IDEAL.
A tall giraffe I fain would be,
And then when food got dear,
I'd eat the branches off the tree,
And never feel a fear.
—Washington Star.

LITERARY NOTE.
"Have you bought my new book yet?"
"Yes; and it's the prettiest thing on my centre table!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SOMEODIES.

COOMBS, FRANK L.—is the only man in Congress born on the Pacific coast.
MARKS, DR. SOLON—Is the dean of Milwaukee physicians. His fellow doctors recently gave him a banquet on his seventy-fifth birthday.

PALMER, FRANCIS A.—of New York, has offered to found and endow with \$500,000 a university at Muncie, Ind.
PEPPER, EX-SENATOR—whose voice has stopped awakening wholesale echoes in the Senate, is writing reviews of certain periods of American history and is engaged on a work dealing with capital and labor. There is more labor than capital in most books of the sort.

SCHWARTZ-MELLER, BARON—the Austrian Field Marshal, is ninety-five years old, has been an officer seventy-four years and a general for over half a century. He was commanding armies when Gen. Miles was playing marbles, and was over fifty when President Roosevelt was born.

SHAW, SECRETARY—is said to have made over \$300,000 in the Texas oil boom.

SUNRISE.

Into my dreams there came a bird call clear—
Within a June wood I had pitched my tent.
And I arose and thence adoring went.

To watch the beauty of the day-spring near.
I stood upon a cliff that gray and sheer
Rose out of shadow; tints divinely blent.
Made fiery color of the firmament,
Outspreading far in many a cloud-locked near.

I saw the face of Silence, passing fair,
God's angel of the morning who unbars
The gates of Day, while all the train of stars
With dimming tapers vanish; and the air
Held dewdrop sparkles, golden-silvery gleams,
Flashing their welcome to the sun's first beams.

—Ingram Crockett in the June Criticism.

A Hard Job.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to congratulate "Milliner," who complains of long hours of work, that she is not worse off than many others.

In one of the largest importing houses the employees, office men in particular, must arrive at the office at 8:15 A. M., and if they are a few minutes late are docked 5 cents for each offense. They are supposed to get through at 5 o'clock, but sometimes do not before 10 or 10:30 P. M. During the busy season they work every night in the week and once in a while go home for a short time Sunday. You can plainly see by the "fine system" how much this hard work is appreciated. Many times during

TEDDY WILL REST AFTER HIS VACATION.



Our Teddy's day at Oyster Bay's so lively and so menu-ous
With dining friends and wrestling kids and having fun that's strenuous—
'Twould tire a Turk to do the work, and tire another Turk again.
So Ted must wait to have his rest till he gets back to work again.

AS TO SIGHT.



HOT WEATHER JOB.

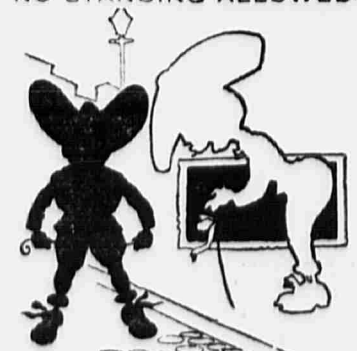


Jones—If Germany ever goes to war with this country, I'll enlist in the navy. I am confident I should make a name for myself.
Jones—I have such a great capacity for downing those German schoolboys.

FINANCE AND PLEASURE



NO STANDING ALLOWED.



Claude—I was in a crowded car to-day and all the ladies were seated.
Angle—Impossible! Where?
Claude—An open car on the "L."

NOT SCRIPTURAL.



WAKE UP!



Did you hear about that fellow who died in a sleeping car?
No. What was the trouble, in somnolence?

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Hard Job.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
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the day one of the firm comes upstairs (the directors' offices are on the ground floor and rubbers around, and if you should chance to be resting a minute you are asked "What are you doing?" or "Haven't you any to do?" At precisely 6 this same party comes upstairs and if he sees any one stops work to go home that one is liable to be accused of not taking an interest in his work. This is what several of my friends are up against. Pretty fierce, is it not?

As to the Police.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Thanks and honor are due to you for the publicity you have shown as to the inefficiency of our Police Department. The last of the unexplained murders

(the Latimer horror), beginning with the murder of poor McAuliffe, still fresh in our memory, fully indorses your opinion. And yet some say we have the finest police force in the whole world. Visit London, Dublin, Paris and other Continental cities and see the difference in the habits and styles of the forces.

OBSERVER.

A Word for the Chauffeur.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have always looked with horror on the menace to life caused by the auto. But I've changed my mind a bit. Last evening I was on Lexington avenue, near Fifty-eighth street. Down the avenue came an auto; fast, but not illegally so. As it came near a newboy leaped out in front of it dancing and

yelling tauntingly. The chauffeur sounded the whistle, but the boy never stepped, but continued to laugh at the auto, to dance dangerously near its front wheel and to say to the chauffeur, "The auto was almost on him, when the chauffeur stopped short with a far to keep from killing the boy. Then the boy, who had doubtless known the auto must stop, coolly returned to the sidewalk. Had he been killed, who would have been to blame?"

The Widow's Mite.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a widow. In the marriage market, but I would not marry a man who would wear a Panama hat.

PANAMAFOBIC.

ODDITY CORNER.

UNCLAIMED.

The \$30,000 in bills which figured in the bribery cases attending the election of Senator Clark by the Montana Legislature still remains a part of the archives of that State. The man to whom it was given as a bribe never claimed it; naturally the briber or bribers have not asked that it be returned, and there is no channel by which the State can appropriate it as part of the public funds.

RUSSIA.

No Russian officer may marry until he is twenty-three.
In Russia factories are usually near forests, wood being still the chief fuel.
Ninety per cent. of the 128,000,000 people of the Russian Empire are farmers.
Vladivostok possesses the only crematorium that has been erected in the whole Russian Empire.

BIG AUTO.

The largest automobile in the world is being constructed for a Parisian doctor. In it, accompanied by two medical students, he intends to make a trip around the world. It will have two sleeping apartments, a large work-room and four big tanks for storing oil.

SAFE TRAINS.

All the new trains on the Central London Railway are to be of fireproof construction, steel and asbestos being largely used. Other precautions for the safety of passengers are being taken.

VESTA.

Vesta is the only one of the smaller planets which can be seen with the naked eye. Its diameter is only 300 miles and its whole surface but one-ninth that of Europe.

A VORTEX.

The rotation of a waterspout at the surface of the sea has been estimated at 354 miles an hour, or nearly six miles a minute.

A LONG-FELT WANT

And How the Street Fakir Supplied It.

"Now, gentlemen," began the fakir, turning to the crowd after arranging his paraphernalia. "I wish to call your attention to a little article I am introducing, which is without question the greatest invention of the twentieth century. To all outward appearances it is an ordinary keyhole plate for front doors, but its merit lies in a secret process of manufacture whereby it is so thoroughly magnetized that it will attract an ordinary steel key from a distance of three feet. "Probably there isn't a gentleman, within the sound of my voice but what has experienced more or less difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the keyhole in the front door of his domicile after having been detained at his office till the milkman comes. "But with this little invention in your possession, gentlemen, such mishaps are a thing of the past. After it is once firmly attached to the door all you have to do in order to connect with the keyhole is to line up anywhere within three feet of the door knob, take out your key and hang on to it, and the little life-saver will do the rest. "The regular price of these wonder-workers is \$1 each, but in order to introduce them quickly and at the same time win the everlasting gratitude of my fellow man I am offering them for one day only at the ridiculous price of 25 cents—and the gentleman over there takes the first one. "Thank you, sir. Another goes right down here; another there. Now, gentlemen, please don't get excited. "Bear in mind that I have enough to supply each and every mother's son of you, so get your money ready, but don't crowd."—Chicago News.

SONS OF GENIUSES.

The Lancet, the well-known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son, and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled.

LINCOLN'S HAT BOX.

Samuel Hinkle, of Springfield, Ill., owns the old leather hat box carried by Abraham Lincoln to Washington on the occasion of his first inauguration as President.

THE PROTEAN FRENCH MISSIONARY



In the whole world there are from 100 to 120 Roman Catholic societies whose members are devoted exclusively to missionary work. Eighty of these bodies are French.

How the Missionaries Travel in the Arctic Region.



Two Missionaries in the Canadian Far North in the Dress of the Rabbit Skin Tribe.

In contributions of money France shows a similar preponderance. Most of the Catholic missions of the world are supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which, by the way, is of French origin, having been founded at Lyons in 1822.

In 1898 this organization expended in missionary work 6,700,000 francs, of which more than four millions were collected in France. Whenever the explorer has penetrated, in all inhabited regions from the Equator to the poles, he is speedily followed by the missionary, who teaches not only Christianity and the elements of ethics, but also French, arithmetic and cleanliness. It was the Trappist monks that made Algiers habitable by white men.

Often local prejudices and the exigencies of climate compel these intrepid missionaries to assume very unmonastic and picturesque garb, as the accompanying illustrations show.



A Parochial Tour in South Africa.

THE BUTTERFLIES.



Two butterflies cut out of tissue paper fly about as if alive, set in motion by a fan. They light on the fan, play in the air, descend on a flower—in short, imitate real butterflies to perfection. All that is needed to make such butterflies is colored tissue paper and a pair of scissors. Fold the paper and cut the shapes of the butterflies as shown in the circle of our illustration. Fasten the butterfly to a long hair with the help of a diminutive piece of wax. Tie this hair to another which is fastened to your head, likewise with wax (as shown in illustration). Throw the butterflies in the air with the left hand and move your fan underneath them to keep them in the air. It is amusing to have a bunch of artificial flowers on which the butterflies can alight, only to fly away.